

AB.4.58.2

2.





6-14



Here begynneth the prologe  
of this present treatyse

**U**n mortall people that desyre to obtayne  
Eternall blyss by your labour dyligent  
With mortall ryches subdue you to payne  
To rede this treatyse to the ryght entent  
Whiche shall shewe you playne and euident  
That ydelnes moder of all aduersyte  
Her subiectes byngeth to extreme pouerte

The ryche by ydelnes to pouerte are brought  
By it the oratour leseth his scyence  
The grete clerke by it is set at nought  
Thus is it ennemye vnto sapience  
Wherfore let vs do our dyligence  
This leude capytayne fro vs to exyle  
Whiche nought entendeth but man to begyle

Ydell people euer troubled are with thought  
With indygence myslauenture and necessyte  
And in the snare whan they are caught  
They are enuyroned with pouerte  
Than cometh dysconfort in theyr aduersyte  
And also dyspayre them doth manace  
And thought and trouble euer doth them chace

Therefore ye people that be subiect to this byce  
By your grete sleuthe and neglygence  
Breke your bondes / I aduyle you to aryle  
And to these wordes gyue your aduertence

Whiche the wyle man sayth in briel sentence  
Who laboureth not to get his lyuyng  
Is no worthy here to haue abydyng

¶ Thus whan this vyce a man dothe assaile  
Of sleuthfulnes and of ocysyte  
By theyr meanes dothe ryches fayle  
What foloweth than but pouerte  
Thus tourneth his welthe vnto aduersyte  
So of his folye dothe he repent  
Than echone to hym doth iniurye  
Whiche oft to vs appereth euident

¶ Therfore to vs it is ryght profytable  
For to take reason for to be our gyde  
With vnderstondyng/whiche are agreable  
Us for to gouerne in euery tyde  
Wherby we may/ys sleuthe be set asyde  
Ouercome pouerte & obteyne rychesse  
And dystroy thought mylfortune & dystresse

¶ But mannes mynde is full busted fast  
More prone to vyce than to goodlynnesse  
And whan by vyce man thus is ouercast  
Than cometh dysceyte/blurpe and fallnesse  
Counseplynge man all to vnthrestynesse  
Thus ys that reason be not our frende and gyde  
Trowth shall decay by fallhode and pryde

But who wolde lyue in meane moderate  
And by way of dilygence rychesse purchase  
Good wyll must he haue to be his aduocate



With a good hert/for therin is solace  
Intencion to good must we purchase  
And than may we lyue bytwene hye and lowe  
By suche meane that our frendes may vs knowe

In this lyfe can none haue skarsnesse  
Whyle that reason is his protectour  
Pf he in labourynge take peyne and besynesse  
Auoydinge sleuth that blynde gouernour  
Whiche man assayleth euery day and houre  
Wherby are many brought to dystresse  
But dyligence byngeth man to rychesse

By whiche rychesse man cometh to noblenesse  
Whiche to vertue is as chyef nouryshe  
Therfore leue we sleuth drawynge to besynesse  
Enclynynge to vertue and leuynge couetyse  
Thus is it good to eche that is wyle  
Remembrynge how lone he shall haue an ende  
In trouth and vertue his short tyme to spende

Thus in conclusyon who redeth this treatyse  
To the rude langage gyue none aduertence  
It is but wyten the tyme to exercyse  
Without stude/peyne/or dyligence  
With style inornate/boyde of eloquence  
Expreslynge the wayes of dyligence & ydelnesse  
The one of pouerte the other of rychesse

Thus endeth the prologue and be-  
gynneth the castell of labour.



**A** mulynge an euenynge with me was none  
An olde prouerbe came in me subuenaunce  
A naturall foole in a house alone  
Wyl make for hymself thyft or cheyfaunce  
Than came in to my remembraunce

A cyrcumspect of many dygnytees  
Fro whiche a man hauynge suffysaunce  
Withdroweth his herte as fro banytees

It is ay sene that youthe's lustynesse  
For to subdue is harde and daungerous  
Some lyue in ioye / pleasure and gladnesse  
Fortune to some is ryght contraryous  
Some verthe racteth in theyr estate prosperous  
Whome he ouerthroweth with his mortall blast  
Thus goeth the worlde, none is so eurous  
But other must he dye fyrst or last



I yonge herte is vnstable and bolage  
 And knoweth not in what estate to byde  
 Somtyme dysposed vnto maryage  
 Somtyme to serue god the worlde set asyde  
 Thus as my mynde barpunge dyd glyde  
 I thought it most for myn auauntage  
 Despyrnyng god for to be my gyde  
 Fermely I concluded vpon maryage

Thus hauynge all my frendes at assent  
 In short processe I puruayed me a wyfe  
 Without wysedom yet was I content  
 To her to kepe the dayes of my lyfe  
 I thought no thyng on wynnynge losse or stryfe  
 She vnto me lyghtly dyd consent  
 Than in an euenynge sad and pensyfe  
 By her lyenge synple of myn entent



Sodanly I was in grete daunger  
For to me fyrstly dyd appere  
An odypous man/an unknown straunger  
With thre women cruell of manere  
This company to me approached nere  
Whan that I them togyder sawe assemble  
So cruell was theyr countenaunce and chere  
That fere constrayned my body for to tremble

The man was mysshapen/pale/and rusty  
Rude/foule/and ryght abhomynable  
The women also as I coude spye  
Of shape were foule and detestable  
Theyr chere was yll and myserable  
With countenaunce replenysshed with ire  
Lene as ony wolf rauysable  
Theyr even brennyng as rede as fyre

The man approached fyers as he wolde ryght  
With starynge even/ & sayde his name was nede  
His wyfe sayde necessitye she hyght  
The seconde pouerte/and the thyrde in dede  
Her named dystresse so thought I by her wede  
Than I desyred to knowe theyr lynage  
Pouerte was theyr moder full of drede  
This tolde they me in byel langage

Touchyng theyr fader they coude not denye  
But that he dwelt in the depest pyt of hell  
Whan I that harde ryght soze aferde was I  
Than nede approached with countenaunce cruell  
My body strepyng so that it dyd swell  
Necessyte me so soze dyd handle  
So that sothly it semed ryght well



Or that she went she wolde me strangle  
Than sodaynly came pouerte  
Whiche me tourmented with rudenesse  
Than with grete crudelyte  
Upon my bely lept dystresse  
They all abounded in cruelnesse  
On me smytynge with all theyr myght  
Dylgorgynge fyre in theyr fyrenesse  
Upon me as a tozche lyght

Some at me foyned / some smote downe ryght  
That the strokes loude dyd redounde  
For all my peyne / durynge that nyght  
My wyfe euer slept styll and sounde  
She in her pleasure dyd habounde  
And wolde not wake for my dysleafe  
For yf I were brought to the grounde  
I trowe she cared not a peafe



**A** She thus slept and I in payne  
 With these foure fures dyd endure  
 To me approche I sawe certayne  
 A foule and counterfayted creature  
 Odious/proude/a fyers I you ensure  
 And by the hande she toke me fast  
 She thought her purpose to procure  
 And drewe myn armes that they nere brast

This fals witche me so dyd greue  
 Whiche by her name was called thought  
 That vneith coude I me remeue  
 Thus vnto dethe she me nere brought  
 Of wordes and tales she wanted nought  
 Euer she talked I wote not what  
 And behynde her a bylayne cought  
 That was as blereyed as a cat





**B**eynge in this perturbacyon  
This choyle on me gaped full wyde  
I fered soze his entencion  
Whan that I sawe hym by my syde  
He loked as he had ben fryde  
Of shape and colour was he full byle  
Than he began with me to chyde  
In his langage whiche was subtile  
Upon my bely he set his knees  
And sayd his name was heuynesse  
With scarled bordred were his eyes  
Balde and full of vnlustynesse  
He semed fader of all vnthryftnesse  
Jagged and garded full vngay  
With a face fylled with fallnesse  
Berded lyke to a kytlynge of may  
Hym to beholde I was dysmayed  
Howe he of thynges past dyd clatter  
Many a newe tale to me he sayde  
He had well lerned for to patter  
Of thynges to come fast dyd he chatter  
Byddyng me call them to remembraunce  
He lyst no thyng with me to flatter  
But put me to extreme vttraunce  
He bad I sholde remember my dettyg  
And brought me forth my countynge boke  
He shewed me there of my receptes  
And me compelled theron to loke  
By fere constrayned me body quoke  
That power was past me for to speke

That rybaude fered me with his loke  
That confort to me coude I none take

Of his tourment what sholde I say  
I neuer was in suche encumbzaunce  
He bode styll and went not away  
And dyd me moche moze greuaunce  
Than all the other by theyr noysaunce  
And tourned me fro syde to syde  
To stepe he left me no suffraunce  
But fyresly styll at me dyd chyde

This fals caytyf by his cruelnesse  
Troubled me that my wytte was gone  
He put me in so grete dystresse  
That my herke was colde as ony stone  
I knewe not to whome me for to mone  
So was I enuyroned rounde about  
They me tourmented so echone  
That of my lyfe I had grete dout

Than rounde about me dyd I loke  
Fyrst of all sawe I pouerte  
And fals nede by the berde me shoke  
There were dystresse and necessyte  
Thought was in theyr companye  
And heuynes dyd clater fast  
All these syr so layde at me  
That fro my bed they me nere cast

Than as I dyd my hede remeue  
About me lokynge for confort  
I sawe one come whiche dyd me greue  
More than all the other sorte



He sayde his name was dysconfort  
 Of colour was he pale and wan  
 It nought auayled hym to exhort  
 I sawe neuer suche an other man



By the hande fast he me toke  
 And with grete myght dyd in constrayne  
 Full soze me by the berde he shoke  
 This thefe renewed all my peyne  
 His encumbraunce wasted my brayne  
 That often I wysshed that I were dede  
 He wolde hym selfe no thyng refrayne  
 But kept me styll fast by the hede

In frowarde imaginacyon  
 Dysconforte kept me a longe space  
 He bad me in conclusyon  
 To lue to hym after his grace

Saynge that the tyme and space  
Oues lost coude not recovered be  
With suche termes dyd he me manase  
Than in conclusyon thus sayd he

A poore man how shalt thou pay  
All thy dettes that are behynde  
Brede and drynke must thou puruay  
And a house to kepe the fro the wynde  
Bothe men and maydens must thou fynde  
With euery thyng that longeth them to  
Doth not fortune strongly the bynde  
Now let se how thou canst do

Whan I this harde I was nere mad  
And often fortune curled I  
The specyall cause why I was sad  
Was for my purse was clene empty  
Than was it nede I dyd espye  
My gowne to pledge vnto one  
I sawe there was no remedy  
Though that I had but that alone

O blessyd iesu what may this be  
Martyed was I in an euyl chauce  
To lyue in suche pouerte  
As I this sayd thesame instaunce  
Came to me Despayre in cruell ordonaunce  
One of the worst of all the sort  
She was chyeft capytayne of theyr daunce  
And doughter vnto Dysconfort





This Delpayre dyd me so assaile  
 That lost was my dyscrecyon  
 My face began to wax pale  
 By fere of her cruell betacyon  
 So cruell was her perturbacyon  
 Whiche on me she dyd extende  
 That I thought in conclusyon  
 Of my selfe to make an ende

¶ I was redy to renne here and there  
 To clymbe vp hye and than to fall  
 By my lyfe set I not an here  
 By meanes of this furve infernall  
 I thought / who nedes to his deth shall  
 It is but folpe it to prolonge  
 This is a worde sayde ouerall  
 He that is drowned may no man hange

And therfore thought I for to do  
The worst that eyther I coude or myght  
To sle my fader and moder also  
If I had founde them in my syght  
Than vnto my mynde came full ryght  
That I sholde dye no more but ones  
Wherfore dyspayre that wretched wyght  
Bad me go therto at ones

I sawe well that without labour  
I neuer sholde sholde obteyne rychesse  
Fortune therof is gouernour  
To some she gyueth with largesse  
But I haue neyther more nor lesse  
So that I wery am of my lyfe  
Auoyde of loye full of dystresse  
Lo what it is to take a wyfe

I se dysconfort doth me greue  
Despayre encrease my langour  
That fote ne hande can I remeue  
Suche is my payne and my dolour  
Neyther thought I on worshyp ne honour  
On knyght squyer baron ne lord  
My mynde was on no thyng that houre  
But to hange my selfe with a corde

O, elles to lepe in to some ryuer  
And there with peyne my selfe to drowne  
I cared not in what maner  
I dyed so that my lyfe were done  
Despayre made me her champion  
And had me so take in her snare



That sodenly as I fell in snowne  
 She me nere strangled or I was ware



**A**s I was in this perturbacion  
 I sawe a lady pleasaunt and bryght  
 For to beholde her meke fastyon  
 Sothly it was a pleasaunt syght  
 Her caperon with perle was pyght  
 With precyous stones about enlumynynge  
 Her beaute full face shone as bryght  
 As phebus doth in a may moornyng  
 This lady standynge me befoze  
 In her behauour was meke and lyberall  
 Good and gracysous to ryche and pooze  
 She semed to me the quene celestyall

A quene excellent I may het call  
For she was doughter shortly to say  
Unto that meke lord and immortall  
The whiche was borne on Chrystmas day

Soze I desyred to knowe her name  
By cause she was of suche excellence  
She sayde reason whome none doth blame  
Than was I ryght glad of her ptesence  
This noble lady by her dyligence  
Approched nere vnto my syde  
Despayre anone gate her thens  
And dysconfort with her dyd glyde

All the hole company dyd auoyde  
What tyme reason sat by me thus  
It was some wynde wolde me haue noyed  
Sende vnto me by myght of Colus  
I trowe that Pluto or Neptunus  
Or mars chyef forger of batayle  
Or elles helpoxtter Cerberus  
Engendred them me to assayle

What sholde I say they fled that tyde  
Bothe despayre and the other rout  
Than was there none with me to chyde  
I rysynge bp looked rounde about  
Than of no thyng was I in dout  
Whan reason began to speke softly  
Whan she had dyspuen the other out  
That her to here grete Joye had I

Reason spake with delyberacyon  
Replete with wysedom excellently



10  
So that sothly in conclusyon  
She seemed an oratoure wytty  
What she sayde was sayde playnly  
To the vnderstandyng of euery man  
And syttyng in a chayre me by  
Wysly to speke thus she began

My frende this thought se thou eschewe  
Feret thou that rycheesse wyll fayle  
Subdue thy selfe to force and vertue  
And be reuled by my counsaile  
Whiche shall the guyde in eche batayle  
So thou consyder what thou hast to do  
Thou mayst gete gode by thy trauayle  
For to fynde the and all thyn to



He god alone must thou honour  
And hym serue with all dyligence  
And as thy selfe loue thy neyghboure  
Agaynst hym do thou none offence  
In trouble se thou haue pacyence

After the tyme and the season  
To eche man haue thou obedyence  
These be the termes of reason

*O lord my god*

Thou sholdest not to largely  
Reioyse thy selfe of thy rycheesse  
Nor yet be wrothe semblably  
Of pouerte/peyne/or dystresse  
Whan Atropos hymselfe doth dresse  
Eche to smyte with his mortall lance  
He smyteth the ryche with cruelnesse  
And to the pooze hath oft suffraunce

Why shold thyn herte for fere thus fayle  
Is it not rycheesse ynough to the  
To haue thy handes redy to trauayle  
Without wene or mayne of thy body  
Yf that thou labour certaynly  
Thou shalt not fayle to haue rycheesse  
So that thou from all synne do fle  
Peasably lpyng in mekenesse

Fyrste auoyde eche synne mortall  
Replenyshe the with the grace dryue  
Behaue the so in this lyfe mortall  
That thou to hell do not declyne  
Submyt thy selfe vnto the discyplyne  
Of hym that made eche creature  
Praye hym thyn herte so to enlumpyne  
That thou aduersyte may endure

Whan nede cometh to thy presence  
To besye labour in fyr thy courage  
So shalt thou make hym to go thens  
Constreynyng hym maugre his bylage  
And yf dystresse do vnto the outrage  
Thorough besynesse awaye hym chase  
Yf thought wolde do to the damage  
In some good dede put thy solace

And yf pouertye do the assayle  
Or fals and feble necessitye  
Enforce thy body vnto trauayle  
By suche meane shalt thou cause them fle  
Yf dysconfort do trouble the  
Tende not vnto his temptacyon



yf despayre n oldethy lady be  
 Leue her and come vnto me reason



**I**f pryde on the do auenture  
 Despyte dysdayne oꝝ presumpcyon  
 Beware of them they are not sure  
 Of them cometh grete abusyon  
 Cast fro the collaudacyon  
 Wayne glorie with mysgouernaunce  
 Fle fro fals ymagynacyon  
 Fle bostynge and oultrecuydaunce  
 yf suche vyces on the do warre  
 Them and theyr werkes se thou despyse  
 Constrayne them by myght to stande a farre  
 Pray humplyte the to promyse  
 Her helpe and socoure in ony wyse  
 With contemplacyon and deuocyon  
 But aboue all y the aduysle  
 Be meke of thyn entencyon

Humylyte must be the chyeſ  
 Agaynst pryde grounde of all byce  
 And for to kepe the fro myschyſe  
 Do so that thou mayſt haue iuſtyce  
 Gete good prouyſyon yf thou be wyſe  
 Lete hym euer kepe the vantage  
 Than ſhall pryde full of malyce  
 Renounſyng the auoyde reſeruarde

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**A**fter that pryde is fro the chased  
 By the myght of humylyte  
 With a nother thou shalt be menased  
 Whiche is daungerous called enuye  
 Accompanied with myſerye  
 With falshode/murder/and treason  
 Suche shall be in his compaignye  
 With ſclaunder and fals detraccyon



As a dangerous capytayne  
 Enuye wyl the assaile and touche  
 He shall do the full mouche payne  
 If thou as subiect vnto hym crouche  
 Ill repute hath he in his pouche  
 With many byces and dyuers  
 Whiche vnto vertue are reproche  
 Hym alway tendinge to reuers

Whan that thou seest her the aboute  
 In me put thou thy trust and Ioye  
 Be not afrayde nor do not doute  
 Trust well I shall them all destroye  
 Fayth and charyte shall them noye  
 Se thou alwaye do her honoure  
 So shall she wyrt on the employe  
 To knowe how she men doth socour

Charyte hath waytyng on her dygnyte  
 Very true loue and milercorde  
 Beneuolence with grace and beryte  
 Amonge them founde is no dyscorde  
 But peas mekenesse and concoorde  
 These shall the helpe in thy necessyte  
 And thus as I vnto the recorde  
 They shall enuye auoyde fro the



**N**id than whan done is this assaute  
 On the shall come a tyaūt daūgerous  
 Whose name is Ire withouten faute  
 To all hye fyers and despyrous  
 And vnto vertue alwaye contraryous  
 The which<sup>e</sup> in seruauntes doth abounde  
 He may well say that he is eurous  
 Whome this hye doth not confounde  
 Cruelte bereth his banyer  
 Felonye is his chyef champpyon  
 Peruerlyte is his portere  
 Madnes reygneeth in his dongeon  
 Cursed murder that fals felon  
 Of his hous is as chyef captayne  
 Here is a cursed relygion  
 To hym that foloweth theyr trayne  
 Therfore yf Ire do the dystresse  
 Shewe thy force and thy puysaūce  
 Call vnto the debonayrnesse



Agaynst yre a full myghty launce  
With her shall come fayre suffraunce  
Pacence is chiefe / with dyscrecyon  
Stedfastnesse with attemperaunce  
Subduynge the vnto correccyon

Ire hath neyther mercy nor pety  
On man nor woman here lyuynge  
But echone assayleth full cruelly  
Ennemye to peas and to warre accordynge  
Susteyner of eche vyce lempynge  
Whose furour melteth mannes hert  
Whiche to his counsell are lempynge  
Wherfore thy syght therfro dyuert

It is impossyble that a man Irouis  
May vnto god do good seruyce  
For Ire is a synne ryght daungerous  
Whiche is gouerned without Justyce  
It is a fyers and mortall vyce  
Whiche often dothe ryght grete damage  
Syth thou art warned be thou wyle  
Lyst that he do to the outrage

Shewe thy force and myghty launce  
Call vnto the force with noblenesse  
Pray pacence to be thy launce  
Whiche shall this vyce lyghtly oppresse  
Whan yre is gone sleuthe shall her dresse  
On euery syde with the to fyght  
Whiche of all vyce is chiefe maystresse  
A stronge tyraunt despyllynge ryght



**A** Schyef capytayne of all the rout  
 Sleuth shall haue pleasure þ to assaile  
 And sonne I put the out of dout  
 That in thy bed she shall not fayle  
 On the to lye bothe wanne and pale

On her shall wayte vnlustynesse  
 With neglygence boyde of trauaile  
 Chyef guyder of all vnthyfthenesse

Defende the fyerfly as a man  
 For with sleuthe shall come rychelesse  
 For to subdue the yf he can  
 Puttynge the to vnlustynesse  
 Accompanyed with fals fayntnesse  
 The whiche by theyr iniquyte  
 Many one bryngeth fro rychesse  
 Unto grete payne and pouerte

Cowardyse wyl the folowe fast  
 Yf thou do not thy selfe defende



Unto the grounde he wylle he cast  
But yf that thou thy myght extende  
And her withstandynge yf thou entende  
With her to fyght by force souerayne  
Unto the grounde shall she descende  
Lyke the wynde pealed by rayne

*Diligent  
repetit*

Sleuth to the wylle make good there  
By faynt and feble dysymulacyon  
But at the ende is his manere  
For to stange lyke the scorpyon  
Beware of his abusyon  
Lest that thou in his bondes rest  
But for helpe in conclusyon  
To god must thou make thy request

Agaynst sleuth for thy defence  
Entencion to good must thou requyre  
Proupde chyeftly for dyligence  
Welpnesse with charge le thou desyre  
And for good hert le thou enquire  
Pray good wylle to be thy gyde  
So shalt thou sleuth cast in the myre  
Hym and his alle as he doth ryde

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 For with sleuthe shall come rychelesse  
 For to subdue the yf he can  
 Puttynge the to vnlustynesse  
 Accompanied with fals fayntnesse  
 The whiche by theyr insquyte  
 Many one byngeth fro rychesse  
 Unto grete payne and pouerte

Cowardyle wyl the folowe fast  
 Yf thou do not thy selfe defende



Unto the grounde he wylle the cast  
But yf that thou thy myght extende  
And her withstandynge yf thou entende  
With her to fyght by force souerayne  
Unto the grounde shall she descende  
Lyke the wynde pealed by rayne

*Diligent  
repetit*

Sleuth to the wylle make good chere  
By faynt and feble dysymulacyon  
But at the ende is his manere  
For to stange lyke the scorpyon  
Beware of his abusyon  
Lyst that thou in his bondes rest  
But for helpe in conclusyon  
To god must thou make thy request

Agaynst sleuth for thy defence  
Entencion to good must thou requyre  
Prouyde chyeftly for dyligence  
Besynesse with charge se thou desyre  
And for good hert se thou enquire  
Pray good wylle to be thy gyde  
So shalt thou sleuth cast in the myre  
Hym and his alle as he doth ryde

c. li.



**A**fter this assault perylogs  
 On the shall come boyde of Justyce  
 One ougly fyers and daungerous  
 Whose name is called auaryce  
 Beware his cursed couetyse

For by his wordes fals and subtyl  
 Many one to hym dothe he atyl  
 Whome at the ende he dothe begyle

Auaryce is so yll and vnsacyable  
 Neuer fulfylled with rycheesse  
 And of his mynde ay founde vnstable  
 By thought euer fulfylled with heuynesse  
 This auaryce doth all them oppresse  
 Whiche lyghtly fyndeth not socoure  
 He and his seruauntes wyl them dresse  
 The to assaile at every houre

Whan auaryce dothe the assaile  
 With hym wyl come full lyghtly  
 Usurpe and rapyne withouten fayle



15  
Fals swerynge and okerye  
Murder/theft/and trecherie  
Fraude/falshode/and decepcon  
Accompanyed with roberie  
Malice and cayllacyon

Whan that thou seest this companie  
With auarice the to dystresse  
Withdrowe thy selfe to charite  
To sufflaunce and to largesse  
But in largesse auoyde excelle  
And by almes 3 the ensure  
Auarice thou shalt oppresse  
That he no lenger shall endure

And yf that ony maner creature  
Wolde say that these byces all  
Be gyuen vnto them by nature  
Or yet by destenye infernall  
He semeth nay/theyr wyll is lyberall  
God hath vs gyuen reason and wyt  
His for to guyde vnto ioy eternall  
Whiche we shall haue yf we deserue it

Therefore my lone le that thou entende  
Vnto thy selfe with perfyte dyligence  
Wherby thou mayst the fro this byce defende  
For euer thou seest by playne euydence  
That auarice full of maluolence  
Hym moost hurteth that loueth it best  
With largesse make for hym defence  
Yf thou woldest haue thy mynde in rest



**S**o when thou overcome hast auarice  
 With the branches of his lynage  
 To the wyll come a cruell vice  
 Named glotony full of outrage  
 Whiche wyll to the do grete damage  
 Yf thou thy selfe to hym subdue  
 As wel in youthe as in thy age  
 This vice on many doth renewe

To drynke when thou hast no thurst  
 Without mesure or any reason  
 And to ete when thou hast no lust  
 Therin is no dyscrecyon  
 He may be called a foule gloton  
 That of his wombe his god doth make  
 Beware of this abusyon  
 Yf in his bondes this vice the take

Dysordered appetyte is with glotony  
 And serueth hym chye on the nyght  
 And gurmandise is of his meyny



16  
And sleuth with hym encreaseh myght  
All these fyetsly on the wyll lyght  
On eche syde the temptynge myghtely  
But lyft vp thyn eye to heuen bryght  
Beseechynge god of helpe mekely

Sothely whan that thy stomake  
Is furnyshed with mete beyonde nature  
Thou mayst be lykned vnto a sacke  
Replete with fylthe dunge and ordure  
It dyspleaseth god sore / If the ensure  
And to thy selfe doest thou outrage  
Than babbleth thy tunge without mesure  
To others hurt / slander and damage

Yest mayst thou make ryght good respyence  
Agaynst them maugre theyr bylage  
So that thou wilt take abstynence  
The whiche shall be for thy auauntage  
Sobryete is chye of this passage  
Whiche shall glotonye fro the auoyde  
Who in grete drynkyng hath vlage  
By deth lyghtly is destroyed

Drunkenesse dothe the longes brenne  
And maketh the membres for to quake  
Drunken men often laugh and grenne  
Than nene doth them for fooles take  
Drunkenesse the wyt doth brake  
It maketh a man to fyght and chide  
Sothly this vyce often doth make  
A man of his frendes hompyde



**W**han thou escaped hast glotonye  
 And passed his cruell moysure  
 The soze assaile wyll lecherye  
 A cruell vyce & the ensue  
 The whiche is of suche nature  
 At her begynnynge her face to paynt  
 But yf that she a whyle endure  
 Thy body wyll she make full faynt

This foule synne ougly to name  
 With her braunches ryght many folde  
 Hym that it loueth byngeth to shame  
 Exemple of Hercules the bolde  
 I coude mo counte yf that I wolde  
 Whome lechery hath made to smerte  
 Bryefly yf thou wylt haue tolde  
 It destroyeth many a noble herte

It wyll the gyue foolyshe pleasaunce  
 With a desyre ryght dysordynate  
 Superfluyte with his launce  
 Yf he with the do make debate



He wyl the lay on the grounde prostrate  
And bynge the vnto captiuyte  
Makynge the fall fro thy estate  
And to knowe thy fraggelyte

Cupido shall thyn eyen bynde  
Dauynge venus hym to socoure  
Thus whan these two haue made the blynde  
They shall the bynge in grete erroure  
Than shall thou fall in to langoure  
For whan thou art in theyr bondes caught  
If thou leue not by theyr rygoure  
Shortly they shall the bynge to nought

For to auoyde the crudelyte  
Of this fals archer amorous  
Take thou the shelde of chastyte  
Therin is fortune prosperous  
Chastyte is so victorvous  
That he wyl take byndycarpon  
Of this fals byce full bycyous  
And baynquyshe his operacyon

Many be that wyl them excuse  
Of theyr loke and beholdynge  
Saynge that none can theym accuse  
For beholdynge of ony thyng  
This reason is vnto them semynge  
Be not our eyen made for to se  
Suche excusacyons wyl they bynge  
For to defende theyr infelyte

Thus say they for theyr excusaunce  
Why may we not loke here and there

That is trouthe without doutaunce  
Of thy loke nedest thou not to fere  
But yet my sone this mayst thou lere  
Thyn eye vnto the god hath sent  
With them to loke euery where  
So that thou haue a good entent

The fayre regarde of maryage  
Is vnto god ryght grete delyte  
In good hope for to haue lynage  
Or ellys it is of no profyte  
Therefore yt thou wylt be perfyte  
Dryue away this foolys pleasaunce  
Geuyng vnto hym no respyte  
For to take the in to his daunce

Remember the grete and soze vengeaunce  
Taken of god for this outrage  
Often tymes without doutaunce  
Of the mayster it maketh the page  
But as I sayde in maryage  
Behaue the as thou ought to do  
With good hope for to haue lynage  
Or elles sothly thou synnest to

Therefore in byef conclusyon  
To auoyde the peyne infernall  
Fle from all yll operacyon  
Procedynge of these synnes mortall  
And of pryde in especyall  
For whiche Lucyfer fell downe to hell  
Take this for a doctryne generall  
Whiche ensuyng I shall the tell



18  
**A**gaynst pryde take thou mekenesse  
For enuye take thou charyte  
Pacience putteth Ire in dystresse  
By dyligence sleuthe is in captyuyte  
For couetyse take thou lyberalite  
Glouyn by sobrenesse is made thral  
Chastyte subdueth lechery  
But good and ferme fayth ruleth all

It is trouthe that mannes nature  
To all yll byce is prone and redy  
Wherfore the better may he endure  
The whiche bleseth somewhat percyte  
Whiche is a grete frende vnto chastyte  
Agaynst synne take suche resystence  
If thou wilt auoyde aduersyte  
And purchase a place in goddes presence

Therefore if thou wilt heuen obteyne  
As thy selfe loue thy neghbour  
Fro mortall synne thy selfe refrayne  
Fere god and do hym honoure  
Do his byddynge whiche is thy creatoure  
Speke ytell here what wylse men say  
So mayst thou escape terrene langoure  
And haue wheron to lyue alway

Where as many wordes are spoken  
For to speke in bryef langage  
Often wysedom and trouthe is broken  
Of moche speche cometh grete damage  
Who in grete langage hath blage  
Some woꝛde may he say in good entent

The whiche soundeth to grete outrage  
And causeth hym after to repent

Behaue thy selfe curtes and amiable  
Cause no debate / stryfe / noꝝ dyscoꝝde  
Be prudent / simple / and seruyable  
Speke thou of no man yll report  
Take good hope and good confort  
Lo here the playne waye of hardnesse  
Whiche shall the brynge vnto the soꝝt  
That thou desyrest that is rychesse

Rychesse gotten by soꝝe labour  
By watchynge trauayle and by peyne  
Is vnto god moche moze pleasour  
Than it is whan it is sodayne  
One may in this lyfe mundayne  
Obteyne rychesse with grete vertue  
But whan it is yll gotten certayne  
The getters vnto the deuyl subdue

So owe therfoꝝe the vertuous waye  
On the ryght hande that none doth begyle  
Leue the left / the whiche alwaye  
Destroyeth man / be he neuer so subtyl  
This waye that none doth defyle  
On the ryght hande is called dyligence  
Foꝝ though the left on the do smyle  
The latter ende is voyde of all defence

In this cursed waye on the left syde  
Many a man doth walke gladly  
So at the ende are they destroyed  
Foꝝ that theyꝝ good is gotten falsly



13  
Some be drowned and some hanged on hye  
Be they neuer so hardy/subtyle/or wyle  
Suche is the ende/but the other sothly  
Byngeth a man vnto paradylle

A man that foloweth the left way  
Can vnneth hym selfe refrayne  
He that hym selfe refrayne not may  
Shall fynde it harde to come agayne  
Therfore begynne in the waye of peyne  
Whiche shall the bynge to the sterred regyon  
And for thy ledars haue no dysdayne  
To take vnderstandynge wyt and reason

Some fooles yll and obstynate  
Whan they are repzeued by Justyce  
Say that they there to are destynate  
Wenynge for to excuse theyr malyce  
They say that fortune must accomplyse  
That/that is theyr destyne  
Thus dothe the deuyl these wretches atyle  
To kepe them in theyr incredulyte

Good wyll must thou haue therfore  
Auoyde yll thought fro thyn entent  
And yf that thou be tempted sore  
Beware do not therto consent  
Lyft vp thyn eye to the firmament  
Prayenge for helpe and than I reason  
Shall be ryght glad/fayne and dplygent  
The to delpyer in euery leason

Yf destyne shold haue domynacyon  
Than our good dedes sholde not auayle

Echone wolde make transgressyon  
Yf thou so thynke thy mynde doth fayle  
Yf thou do well for thy trauayle  
Thou shalt haue Joye/and for yll punycon  
Gete heuen/and withouten fayle  
Thou escapest all tribulacyon

Though that thy destenye be nought  
Be thou not redy to do the worst  
He that is of a cursed thought  
Euermoze leueth the best  
Yf thou do yll beware the last  
Iustyce to ech geueth his guerdon  
Whan thy soule fro this lyfe is past  
Thou shalt haue euen as thou hast done

In this noble way of dyligence  
Yf that thou thy selfe redresse  
Thou shalt by playne experyence  
By meane there of obteyne rychesse  
As for the waye of sleuthfulnesse  
How euer it appere the ende is nought  
There is but wo/peyne and dystresse  
Dylconfort/trouble/care/and thought

The waye of sleuth a man doth bynge  
Unto a place of captiuyte  
Where nought is but hunger and mournynge  
Called the maner of wo and pouerte  
There is no thyng but necessitye  
Brede nor drynke/worke nor trauayle  
There lyueth man in such penurye  
That hunger constrayneth his hert to fayle



Whan one is fall in suche myschaunce  
 And subdued in suche pouertye  
 He must to haue his sustenaunce  
 His clothes sell releued for to be  
 Whan they are gone than what doth he  
 Than must he be a begger or a thefe  
 So in conclusyon here may ye se  
 Of sleuthe what is the ende and prefe

Of suche folke that ben orpous  
 By ryght no man sholde haue mercy  
 They are to theym selfe contraryous  
 Sleuth dysceyueth them so falsly  
 Some be pale blacke and rusty  
 Agaynst the sonnesyttynge for solace  
 Some dye for hunger some colde and thursty  
 Sorowe mot he haue that it doth purchase

Yf thou hast passed a place peryllous  
 And thens escaped without damage  
 Take good hede se thou be cautelous  
 Retourne not theder for thyn auauntage  
 But the behaue as prudent wyle and sage  
 Auoydynge all sleuthe and neglygence  
 Go about by another passage  
 Whiche is the waye of dyllygence

Yf thou se some goynge amysse  
 Lyghtly auoyde theyr company  
 Suche as in thy presence thy mouth wyl kysse  
 And wolde the sle yf they myght preuely  
 Be not aquaynted with suche comonly  
 Kepe well thy counsell shewe not it

Whan one blynde ledeth another lyghtly  
Often they bothe fall in the pytte

Take therfore the ryght passage  
Of good hope and good esporaunce  
Be dyligent for thyn owne auauntage  
For therein is rycheesse and pleasaunce  
Bothe in plentye and in suffysaunce  
But let not thyn hert theron to soze  
Gete not wrongfully suche abundaunce  
That thy soule suffre peyne therfore

Who that rycheesse to moche dothe pryse  
For it takynge labour and greuaunce  
Is so brought by vnhappy couetyse  
That he is neuer at his pleasaunce  
Though he haue rycheesse in abundaunce  
For all is he not there with content  
But a man that hath suffysaunce  
To all good gladly dothe consent

Suffysaunce doth god gretely please  
As thou full well mayst vnderstonde  
And couetyse dothe hym dysplease  
Therfore auoyde his cruell honde  
Let hym not take the in his bonde  
Aysit his excelle do the begyle  
If thou remember thou art but fonde  
With it thou endurest but a whyle

Remember it is no thyng permanent  
In abundaunce to haue rycheesse  
As water rennyng lone is it spent  
Whan deth cometh all thyn excelle



21  
Of welth and rycheſſe tourneth to heuynelle  
Thou muſt it all leue the behynde  
Than one of thy kynne with largelle  
Bloweth thy pens out with the wynde

Therfore with lytell be thou content  
Thankynge euer god of pouerte  
Thanke hym of that he hath the ſent  
Auoydynge ſynne and iniquyte  
If thou with ſynne ſubdued be  
Thou canſt do no dede merytozpe  
Do well and than I enſure the  
Thou ſhalte obteyne the heuenly glozpe

Some folke in all theyr lyfe  
To gete good are full dyligent  
Lettynge neyther for hatred ne ſtryfe  
And yet are they neuer content  
Unto all falshode they do conſent  
They tende not but to gete and ſaue  
With couetyſe is theyr herte ſo bzente  
That they thynke neuer ynough to haue

Whan they are moost in fortunes grace  
Lyfted vp hye vnto the mone  
She ſhewynge them her frowarde face  
Cauſeth them lyghtly to come downe  
Though they before ſate in theyr trone  
Fortune on them hath made a mowe  
Wherby theyr rycheſſe fro them is gone  
Than on the grounde lye they full lowe

Therfore ſe thou fortune deſye  
Syth her rycheſſe is ſo vnſtable

And in god onely thy selfe affyre  
In whome is rycheffe perdurable  
His suffylsaunce is full profytable  
Therfoze in hym thy selfe assure  
And in this purpose be thou stable  
God hym loueth that doth endure

A man ryche full of ygnorauce  
Whiche in tyme passed hath had honour  
In fortunes rycheffe hauynge pleasaunce  
Is now downe dzyuen by a sodayne shoure  
He neuer afoze was vled to labour  
Thus after he hath lepte from hys to lowe  
By ydelnes fortune doth on hym loue  
He lyeth on the grounde & none wyl hym knowe

Of clothyng desyre thou no newe guyse  
But clothe thy selfe alway honestly  
Suffre not pryde vpon the to ryse  
But go ay meke and symple  
And se thou be content onely  
So thou haue good wheron to lyue  
Without gatherynge ouer largely  
Thou knowest not whan deth wyl arryue

If it fortune that by necessitye  
Thou put thy selfe in the seruyce  
Of ony man of grete auctoryte  
Other lord/marchaunt/or Justyce  
Be not folysh/flatteryng/nor nyse  
Nor yet slouthfull in ony wyse  
Se that thou flee fro eche vyce  
Leest he the vtterly despyse



What euer he saye suffre mekely  
Fere hym with loue entyer and cordpall  
Serue hym bothe daye and nyght truly  
Saye of hym good ouer all  
Remembze loue is so specpall  
That without it no good is done  
Of his goodes be not lyberall  
And god shall paye the thy guerdon

Thou ought of ryght to set thy herte  
With all thy myght and thy pupsaunce  
Thy maysters wyl for to aduerte  
And it to fulfyll without doutaunce  
So call thou vnto thy subuenaunce  
This prouerbe that I the here  
Kepe it in thy remembraunce  
Loue goth neuer without fere

Fere without loue may ryght well be  
We fere without loue them that vs menase  
But where as true loue is in certaynte  
It maketh men lyue euen by compas  
Therfore this loue se thou purchase  
And than thou shalte fall in his fauour soone  
Than thy rewarde to thy solace  
Shall be euen after as thou hast done

If thou truly thy mayster serue  
He shall perceyue it within a whyle  
Than shalte thou haue that thou dost deserue  
With a good name whiche none doth fyle  
But yf that thou do hym begyle  
He shall perceyue it at the last

Than shall thy dedes thy name defyle  
So out of his hous he shall the cast

Whan that thou arte thus departed  
Without his loue full folysshely  
As a seruaunt full yll aduerted  
Another mayster must thou seke truly  
Than shall other come pryuely  
And enquire whether thou were yll or good  
If he saye yll that they may spy  
No man wyll haue the by the rode

But yf that ony be in necessyte  
And can none other seruaunt fynde  
Than parauenture he wyll haue the  
And alway be to the vnkynde  
But yf he be a sole or blynde  
Elles wyll he none of thy seruyse  
Than shalte thou wander out with the wynde  
No mayster shall loue thy guyse

If that thou wylte thy mayster please  
Thou must haue these thre propretees  
Fyrst must thou haue an asses eares  
With an hertes fete in all degrees  
An hogges snoute and after these  
By suche meanes shall I declare  
That in tyme of aduersytees  
By them the better thou mayst fare

By an asses eares this is ment  
That thou must harken hym aboute  
If thou se he be not content  
Saye nought but se thou hym doute



Where as he is se thou not route  
What he comaundeth do gladly  
Than shall he not put the out  
If thou behaue the thus wysely

By this hogges snoute mene I this  
What mete so euer to the is brought  
Though it be somewhat a mysse  
Take pacyence and saye thou nought  
Ete thou it not but it be ought  
Rather suffre thou a lytell penurpe  
Another tyme better shall be bought  
For to amende that Inurpe

Let thy snoute smell in eche place  
And specpally for to seke labour  
If thou so do in lytell space  
Thou shalte not fayle of his fauour  
Let thy pacyence ouercome his rygour  
And take good hede to his condycyon  
Se that thou alway hym honour  
Submyttinge the to his correccyon

This sygnyfeth the fete of an herte  
Thou must do thy mayster soconr  
Bothe daye and nyght though thou sholde smerte  
To renne and go at every houre  
Daye nor nyght spare no labour  
Rather than he sholde haue damage  
Helpe hym in welch and in doloure  
If ony man do to hym outrage

Thus reason lefte of her parlyament  
Than after tourned I me to rest

And than came wyledome full dyligent  
 A man prudent / discrete and honest  
 Stondynge nere afore my brest  
 I lyfted my heed vnto hym nere  
 He made suche glose vpon the texte  
 That I had meruayle hym to here



**W**hat hym ruleth by reason  
 Geteth bothe ryches and honour  
 Takynge vpon hym labour  
 Euer hath he a ryche mansyon  
 That is ruled by reason

He puruayeth eche thyng in season  
 As best is whan the tyme is grene  
 After a stozme the sonne doth shene  
 That man is quyte of all dyscencion  
 Whiche is ruled by reason



24  
**S**othly my frende it is abusyon  
This caduke rycheſſe gretly to prayſe  
To many a man it doth dyſeaſe  
He auoydeth ſclaunder and detraccyon  
Whiche is ruled by reaſon

**Y**e knowe that within a lytell ſeaſon  
Fortunes fauour many one procure  
But of her grace no man is ſure  
Therfore he wyſe is in concludyon  
Whiche is ruled by reaſon

**I** make townes & caſtelles ſtronger of walles  
**I** make Jeſtes / ſtorpes / and comedyes  
**I** made the ſeuē artes lyberalles  
With poemes and many tragydees  
**I** haue made many omelyes  
Whiche vnto man are full profytable  
Wherby he may auoyde all folyes  
And of his mynde be ferme and ſtable

**W**han reaſon on man hath dominacyon  
**I** promote hym vnto grete dygnyte  
**I** hate dyſcorde / and adulatoryon  
And loue peas / concorde / and equityte  
He that wyll lyue well in proſpetyte  
Muſt haue reaſon to be his gouernour  
And than wyll **I** of myn owne lyberte  
Of very ryght be his protectour

**I** am wyſedome whiche haue knowlegynge  
Of good and yll without doutaunce  
But without reaſon **I** do no thyng  
For in her is no maner ygnoraunce

Who me procureth I hym aduance  
Wherfore sone yf thou wylte procede  
Be euer content with suffisaunce  
Than shall I helpe the at thy nede

Obeie to reason what euer she saye  
With all thyn herte in lowlynesse  
Than by her grace shalte thou puruay  
Bothe worshyp honour and rychesse  
She helpeth men out of dystresse  
By her wytte and dyscrecyon  
If thou wylte come to parfytnesse  
But the in her subgeccyon

The auctour

Thus wyledome vnto me spake  
At reasons wyl and comaundement  
Wherby grete comforte dyde I take  
His reasons were so wyle and prudent  
On whose saynge I fyrde myn entent  
Concludynge vpon the way of payne  
But for the tyme passed I was dolent  
Whiche lost/coude not be called agayne

Than halfe faynt for watchynge excessyfe  
I lyfted my hede bp lokynge me aboute  
Lette alone soze/lad/and penyfe  
Than was I agayne in doute  
I fered then that afoze wente out  
Than sawe I one full of graunte  
So compassynge my bedde aboute  
With two seruautes in his company

Whan he vnto me dyde appere  
I thought he had ben some aduocate



His hode was furred with menyvere  
 His gowne of the same lyke his estate  
 He me behelde without ony debate  
 And wryd his name was dyscepte full slye  
 Of whome cometh many a mortall fate  
 His lytell varlet was named blurpe

Falshode was his seruauntes name  
 So knewe I by his fals bylage  
 The mayster cared no thyng for shame  
 Yet was he a comely personage  
 He me so flaterynge by his langage  
 Set hym downe there by my cheke  
 I meruaylled what was his blage  
 Than thus vnto me he began to speke



Who me procureth I hym aduance  
Wherfore sone yf thou wylte procede  
Be euer content with suffisaunce  
Than shall I helpe the at thy nede

Obey to reason what euer she saye  
With all thyn herte in lowlynesse  
Than by her grace shalte thou puruay  
Bothe worshyp honour and rychesse  
She helpeth men out of dystresse  
By her wytte and dyscrecyon  
If thou wylte come to parfyttesse  
Put the in her subgeccyon

The auctour

Thus wysedome vnto me spake  
At reasons wyll and comaundement  
Wherby grete comforte dyde I take  
His reasons were so wyse and prudent  
On whose saynge I fered myn entent  
Concludynge vpon the way of payne  
But for the tyme passed I was dolent  
Whiche lost/coude not be called agayne

Than halfe faynt for watchynge excessyfe  
I lyfted my hede bp lokynge me aboute  
Lette alone soze/lad/and pensyfe  
Than was I agayne in doute  
I fered them that afoze wente out  
Than sawe I one full of grauyte  
Go compassynge my bedde aboute  
With two seruautes in his company

Whan he vnto me dyde appere  
I thought he had ben some aduocate



His hode was furred with menyure  
His gowne of the same lyke his estate  
He me behelde without ony debate  
And sayd his name was dyscepte full slye  
Of whome cometh many a mortall fate  
His lytell barlet was named blurpe

Falshode was his seruauntes name  
So knewe I by his fals bylage  
The mayster cared no thyng for shame  
Yet was he a comely personage  
He me so flaterynge by his langage  
Set hym downe there by my cheke  
I meruaylled what was his blage  
Than thus vnto me he began to speke



**S** By my frende wheron doost thou trust  
Thou doost thy selfe dystroy w<sup>th</sup> thought  
All thy wytte thou doost abuse  
Thou studepest soze and all for nought  
Reason hath the in her bondes cought

But let her go by my counsaile  
Than of rycheffe that thou hast sought  
By my helpe thou shalte not fayle

Wysedome hath the aduertysed  
To put the in reasones subgeccyon  
A strawe man let her be dyspysed  
And yelde the vnder my proteccyon  
Who loueth reason lacketh dyscreccyon  
Thou alway seeest a man resonable  
That fereth god Justyce and punycyon  
Hath neuer ought this is verytable

Reason that sole doth the counsaile  
To lyue alway vertuously  
Thou shalte haue hunger for thy trauaile  
She byddeth the alway labour besely  
But by my crafte I all sodaynly  
Make hym this daye pooze ryche to morowe  
Therfore reason se thou despye  
Let her and all hers go with sorowe

Reason with lytell is well content  
She setteth no thyng by excelle  
For to labour she is euer dyligent  
Without gatherynge of grete rycheffe  
But I exalte men vnto noblesse  
Sodaynlye by my arte subtylle



If any wolde do to me fallnesse  
I take hym lyghtly in his owne myle  
But whyle that thou ensuest reason  
Thou shalte neuer come to bygnyte  
But pooze and symple in euery season  
As a bonde man had in captiuyte  
Out of all maner hope of libertie  
Oppressed shalte thou be ouer all  
Euery daye well mayst thou se  
That the grete dothete the small  
Leue therfore reason by my counsaile  
If thou wylte haue rychele lyghtly  
And yf that any do the assaile  
By my crafte I shall blere theyr eye  
If that thou do entende to me  
Thou shalte fynde that thou hast sought  
I shall be at thy wyll redy  
And whyle I lyue thou shalte lacke nought  
If that thou wylte come to thyn ease  
And haue golde at thy pleasour  
Thy neyghbour se that thou dysleafe  
With iniurye/damage/force and rygour  
Let me dysceyte be as thy gouernour  
Or elles my seruaunt blurpe  
From one to other go euery houre  
With a glosynge langage of flaterye  
Let thy tunge be as a knyfe  
With euery man therwith to rage  
And where thou woldest haue no stryfe  
Shewe thy selfe dyscrete and sage

Specyally where as is aunantage  
Speke fayre tyll thou haue thy praye  
But yet let not to do damage  
To euery man whyle that thou maye

Gouerne the euer with dyscepcion  
Care not for them that are in payne  
At poore folke haue thou dyspoun  
To gete good do the not refrayne  
For to deceyue men let thy brayne  
In theyr presence shewe them good chere  
But of theyr hurte le thou be fayne  
In theyr absence in eche manere

Speke fayre with falshode amonge  
Shewe thy selfe meke and treatable  
Take mony by ryght and wronge  
Make the ryche man myserable  
Gather togyder rychesse arrable  
Here neyther god ne the deuyll of hell  
Of thy wordes be thou not stable  
To ryche enuyous / to poore cruell

Waye nought in plede / nor in processe  
Lene no thyng but vnto blace  
Se that thou the poore oppresse  
Take theyr herytage and nourytur  
Spare no thyng the to perytur  
And yf that ony do the repreue  
By swerynge fast thy selfe assure  
From his good hym to reueue

Thou shalte haue rychesse at the last  
To lyue in grete prosperyte



27  
If thou speke fayre and borowe fast  
Faynyng thy selfe in charyte  
For now a dayes in trouth and veryte  
No man of the wyll haue count  
Without clothyng of auctoryte  
Lyke a knyght or a bycount

Kepe thy termes lyke thyn estate  
With ermyne or sables furte thy gowne  
If ony man haue enuye therate  
By thy crafte tourne hym by set downe  
Thus mayst thou encrease thy renowne  
And yf ony come with the to speke  
Let thy man saye thou arte not in the towne  
That he may come often the to seke

Let hym retourne the to enquire  
Be not asshamed for to lye  
And what thyng that thou doost desyre  
Be it good or badde do it lyghtly  
Take no hede to well nor truly  
So it be done take thou no thought  
And I shall helpe the euer besely  
So that at nede thou shalte lacke nought

To hym that is curteys and lowly  
Euery man dare agaynseye  
But to one ryche gaye and hastye  
Scant is one that dare saye nay  
They wyll hym fere yst that he fraye  
Therfore eche man wyll hym forbere  
Fayne felonye on them to laye  
And than shall euery man the fere

What euer thou doost worke by wyle  
Fyll thy stomacke full of fallnesse  
Fro the reason do thou exyle  
Of her nought cometh but dysstresse  
Refuse fayth take thou fallnesse  
For suche is the worlde in this leason  
As thou mayst se by eydence expresse  
They are all poore that folowe reason

Se thou be redy aye to take  
Withoutt guyngge ought agayne  
Thy promesse swerpyng se thou forsake  
Thus mayst thou haue rychesse sodayne  
Let thy tunge folowe the comyn trayne  
Of adulatory covered with eloquence  
Thus shall euery man be fayne  
Unto the for to do reuerence

If there come to the any myschaunce  
Care not it shall do the no greafe  
Thou shalt haue for thy sustenaunce  
He and my men the to releafe  
We shall defende the fro myschefe  
And vnder the vmbze of beryte  
Though he be neuer so fals a thefe  
We shall overcome hym by our subtylte  
Loke what it is for to haue polyce  
With crafte subtylte and practyce  
By whiche meanes he that worketh slye  
Casteth his enemye lyghtly in the dyke  
Trew wysdome se thou exyle  
Whiche causeth thought and heuynes



Use alway men to begyle  
Let not to make fayre promesses  
Euery daye here twenty masses  
But haue at none of them deuocyon  
And spare thou not to take excelles  
Of theste/falshode/and extorcyon

Byleue me for thyn auantage  
And refuse thou reason bitterly  
Falshode my frende shall be thy page  
Exaltynge the to rycheffe myghtely  
Whan thou arte in suche case truly  
Euery man shall do the honour  
And yf that ony do to the bylany  
Se thou hym tame by thy rygour

Whyle that reason on the doth reyne  
Thou shalte neuer come to worthynesse  
But euer of pouerte complayne  
Auoyde of myrth full of sadnesse  
Thou shalte not nede to count expresse  
Crownes/nobles/noz royalles  
Thou shalte be voyde of all rycheffe  
And of degrees temporalles

Thou hast herde what I haue the tolde  
This is my mynde and my counsaile  
Wherfore on me se thou be bolde  
And do here after for thyn auayle  
Thus mayst thou come without trauayle  
To rycheffe so thou auoyde reason  
If thou thus do without fayle  
No moze wyl I saye at this season

### **The Auctour.**

**W**hen this fals caytyf had thus sayd  
I was abstracte nere fro my mynde  
His wordes made me soze afrayde  
That I vnstable was as the wynde  
Aboute me locout coude I none fynde  
For fere I quaked, colde were my fete  
I had in me as good a mynde  
As hath a gosse vpon a spete

That whiche reason dyde me counsaile  
Was good holsome and reasonable  
Dylcepte contrarpe dyde me assaile  
Shewynge me craftes dylceyuable  
Thus was my mynde as batyable  
As a fane stondynge in the wynde  
In no purpose ferme nor stable  
As now a dayes we may fynde

As I thus laye troubled full soze  
Wylsedome retourned to me agayne  
More prudent than he was before  
Whiche with his langage dylcrete & playne  
Exorted me for to refrayne  
He fro that thefe decepcyon  
And than reason sholde me mayntayne  
And thus sayd he in conclusyon

### **Wylsedome.**





**D**ost thou trust falshode or dysceyte  
 A pooze man they wyl the dysfame  
 They loue but dyscorde and debate  
 They prayse the yll & good doth blame  
 And they pryncypally are the same  
 Whiche bryngeth man to the pytte of hell  
 Trust in reason moost noble of fame  
 Whiche no thyng doth but that is well  
 That man is madde that leueth reason  
 Unto dysceyte for to be lenyng  
 He that so doth after in bryfe season  
 Apenst hym selfe is murmurynge  
 Therfore be thou the withdrawynge  
 For of hym benym doth dyscende

Lyue after reason aboue all thyng  
For who well lyueth well doth ende

How many dayly doost thou se  
That leuyng reason them selfe assure  
In falshode haupngre grete dygnyte  
Fro pooze men takynge theyr pasture  
In this extorcyon they longe endure  
By falshode getynge good mundayne  
But whan that knowen is theyr nature  
They be made pooze by chaunce sodayne

We haue ofte sene grete wyndes blowe  
And with a lytell rayne ouercome  
So many men be brought full lowe  
Before exalted by fals custome  
Some rayed in scarlet and other some  
Rayed in golde tyssue and beluet  
The one after vnto the swerde become  
The other trayned vnto the gybet

If that they had trusted in reason  
Leuyng falshode that dysceyuout  
They sholde not haue had suche confusyon  
But styll haue lyued in theyr honour  
Reason that lady of grete valour  
Doth nought that is to reprene  
But dysceyte that fals traytoure  
His chefe subgettes doth myschefe

Syth that rychesse is so varpable  
Wherfore take we therfore suche payne  
Consyderynge our lyfe so vnstable  
From deth we can vs not refrayne



The daye and houre is vncertayne  
 Therfore let vs lyue scarcely  
 For this is a thyng moost certayne  
 That fyrst or last we must nedes dye

Dylcepte in his fyrst begynnynge  
 To eche man well ynough doth sounde  
 But an euill deth is his endynge  
 His scolers thus doth he confounde  
 But hym that in rychesse doth abounde  
 By reason gotten eche man doth praple  
 In dylcepte suche ende is founde  
 That euery man doth it dyspraple

By reason well mayst thou obtayne  
 Rychesse mundayne suffyciently  
 Who that hath none bydeth in payne  
 And ofte is entreted vncurteysly  
 Who hath not money and that largely  
 Were he as holy as was saynt poule  
 Where euer he goth continually  
 He shall be taken but for a fole

Who that by reason doth good purchase  
 He lyueth therwith ryght merely  
 To his pleasour with grete solace  
 But yf that ony thrygh enemye  
 Wolde do hym wronge or iniurye  
 He must to god call for socoure  
 And than shall he full hastely  
 Hym ayde and helpe at euery houre

**The auctour.**

Thus in my bedde soze troubled layde  
Halfe releued was my courage  
I toke good hede to that he sayd  
For he was wyle dyscrete and sage  
And thynkyng it for myn auantage  
Submitted me to the grace dyuine  
I knowe dysceyte by his outrage  
Wolde me haue brought vnto ruyne

So purposed I fully to take  
The counsaile of my lady reason  
And dysceyte bitterly forsake  
With his fallshode and abusyon  
Than beyng of this oppnyon  
Reason dyde vnto me appere  
With her face bryght as the sonne  
Arayed in a ryche manere

This lady was ryght gracypous  
Pleasaunt curteys and amiable  
On me lokyng with chere Joyous  
With a salutacyon ryght honourable  
For this fals caytyle mylerable  
Dysceyte with his seruauntes two  
For all theyr chere abhomynable  
At her comynge dyde fro me go

**Reason.**





**I** Am gladde of the perfyte byctorye  
 Whiche thou hast obteyned this nyght  
 It shall be to the ryght merytorye  
 In the hygh trone that is so lyght  
 Wyse dome with his noble myght  
 Hath ben for the a good solycytour  
 But syth thou hast agreed to the ryght  
 Now shalte thou be my seruytour

I gyue the in cōmaundement  
 For to serue me ferme and faythfully  
 Haunt company wyse and prudent  
 So shalte thou haue ryches largely  
 I knowe that mannes mynde truly  
 Bytemptacyon full ofte doth bary  
 What I cōmaunde do thou gladly  
 And to me reason be not contrary

What man that I do sustayne  
I make clene from all maner byrte  
But he that falsly doth mayntayne  
Hateth con corde / peas / and Justyce  
God wyl that thou leue malyce  
And blurpe in pryncypall  
Whiche thou must do yf thou be wyle  
With perfyte wyl and cordyall

I kepe men in theyr fraunchyse  
I make the feble stronge and able  
Dylcepte to yll men doth atyle  
And doth nought that is profytable  
Be therfore constaunt / ferme / and stable  
Endue thy herte with force and vertue  
So shalte thou dylcepte full myserable  
By godly wysedome strongly subdue

Good nanie is better than rycheffe  
The grace of god is full excellent  
Trust not in the fayre promesse  
Of dylcepte / ne his termes eloquent  
Behaue thy selfe wyle and prudent  
Be ruled by grace and pacyence  
Bothe daye and nyght be dyligent  
To gete the treasour of sapience

And yf that god gyue the wysedome  
Be not therof proude nor glourous  
But more symple se thou become  
Thankynge hym with chere pyteous  
Let thy mynde be euer vertuous  
Submyttinge the to thy creatour



32  
Whiche is so meke and gracyous  
That he wyl be thy gouernour

With eche man be in charyte  
Begynnyng at thy selfe fyrst of all  
Let all thy dedes sounde vnto equityte  
To pooze men be thou lyberall  
Men wyle and vertuous to the call  
Whiche shall the kepe from all damage  
Auoyde flaterers from thy hall  
The to dysceyue is theyr blage

With me abydeth none malycyous  
Tyraunt traytour nor cowarde  
But noble people wyle and vertuous  
And peas as chefe bereth the standarde  
Who casteth on me his regarde  
Shall suerly scape bothe hole and sounde  
Who in dysceyte hath his forwarde  
Whan he moost trusteth is brought to grounde

If that by fortune thou haue aduersyte  
Without nople paciently endure  
God knoweth thy fraglyte  
fro poynt to poynt I the ensure  
And yf dysceyte on the procure  
Auoyde the cause the tyme and place  
For without doute I the ensure  
Dysceyte stynketh in goddes face

Where as is pryde myschefe is bye  
Therfore of humlyte take comforte  
Fals flaterye se thou desye  
And tende no thyng to dyscomforte

Beware falshode and yll repoyte  
Quoyde robberye and all maner wronge  
If thou do as I the exorte  
In vertue shalte thou lyue full longe

Thou mayst gete yf thou folowe me  
Rychesse mundayne in suffysaunce  
Without falshode or iniquyte  
Or doyng thy neyghbour ony greuaunce  
Thy good and yll in a balaunce  
Shall be weyed at the daye extreme  
And than after thyn ordynaunce  
The myghty Iuge shall the deme

Therefore sone by me thou may  
Obteyne goodes mundayne & eternall  
Lyue without thought in lowe aray  
Without ony payne corporall  
Of this rychesse that is temporall  
Thou mayst with Joye haue here thy parte  
And the hyghe glozpe celestyal  
Whan thy soule shall hens departe

Beholde what two grete benefices  
I ordayne for my seruytour  
Where other fylled with malycies  
By falshode lese all suche honours  
Peruurers theues and seductours  
Saturate with synne and ordure  
Lyue here in castelles and in toures  
But theyr estate can not endure

Robbery / pykynge / and cauyllacyon  
Thefte with falshode doth gouerne



That fals tyraunt decepyon  
And ledeth hym vnto the tauerne  
Fals blurpe doth dyscerne  
Theyr armes with his termes blasynge  
With pryde of all byce lanterne  
Vnto theyr counseyll is lenynge

Suche as they haue but small conscience  
Wherfore se that thou them dyspyse  
They refuse vertue / cunnynge / and scyence  
Lenynge to ryotte suche is theyr guyle  
Wherfore dere sone I the aduyse  
Let not theyr power on the extende  
For yf it do I the promyse  
At tyborne wyl they make the ende

If fallhode thugh his wylynes  
Exalte a man vnto honour  
And after yf that his ryches  
Be lost by some sodayne shoure  
They to whome ye dyde rygour  
Before wyl Ioye of his damage  
They wyl be redy at euery houre  
To hym to render his outrage

One vnto another wyl saye  
Loke where he lyeth that was so ryche  
His good yll gotten is now awaye  
And lo where he lyeth in the dyche  
We thought that his ende wolde be suche  
He hath lyued in welth to longe  
His scabbed skyn lo now doth ytche  
That he dare not come by amonge

*h. d. r.*  
*7 h. j. l.*  
*R m n*  
*o p q r*  
Thus mayst thou se it is profytable  
To lyue truly in this mortall lyfe  
Getynge rycheſſe by meanes verytable  
Syth it yll gotten encreaſeth ſtryfe  
Who labourerth for rycheſſe excellyfe  
Weneth to come vnto hye eſtate  
But at the laſt he abydeſh penſyfe  
And every good man doth hym hate

Leue therfore byce and loue vertue  
If thou wylte lyue in lybertye  
And than men knowynge the good & true  
Wyll be gladde of thy company  
But yet muſt thou haue humylyte  
With pacyence & con corde thy way to dyſſe  
With fayth/trouth/and equitye  
If thou wylte gete heuenly rycheſſe

Be thou ſymple of countenaunce  
Speke fayre with chere ampyable  
Beware dyſceyte and fere his launce  
Be not of purpoſe varyable  
It is a thyng abhomyable  
Vnde an abyde of faythfulneſſe  
To haue a falſ herte & reprouable  
Full of wyathe/yre/and fallneſſe

Under the vmbre of veryte  
Many one vbleth falſ dyſcepcyon  
Wyllynge to ſpeke ryght faythfully  
But falſhode is in theyr entencion  
They thynke other to dyſceyue by treaſon  
But theyr ſelfe dyſceyued do they fynde



But lerne this sone of me reason  
God knoweth euery mannes mynde

God knoweth playne and clerely  
Mannes mynde thought and courage  
For he by his grace ineffably  
Made hym lyke to his owne ymage  
Sholdest thou not than do hym homage  
Whiche hath the gyuen so grete a benefyce  
Passynge all other in auauntage  
That is the realme of paradylle

And after whan by dysobedyence  
Man was dampned to be in payne  
That hyghe lorde a lambe of innocence  
With his owne blode bzought hym agayne  
This blessed lorde had no dysdayne  
For to become a man mortall  
And suffre deth with many a payne  
To make vs fre that erst were thral

This lorde chefe mayster of Justyce  
Shall kepe his Jugement fynall  
Than some that here be moost of pryce  
Shall than be myserablest of all  
The pooze and ryche shall be egall  
Eche man shall haue lyke audyence  
All mankynde there in generall  
Shall there abyde this Juges sentence

The aungelles shall theyr trumpettes blowe  
Callynge men to the Jugement  
Than euery man full well shall knowe  
How that he here his lyfe hath spent

With an hygh voyce that lord omnipotent  
Shall call my seruauntes with hym to dwell  
The badde all pensyf/woo/and dolent  
Perpetually shall be dampned to hell

Now arte thou so that thou mayst chuse  
The harde waye of saluacyon  
Or elles yf thou wylte that abuse  
Thou fyndest the waye of perdycon  
Do after me sone that am reason  
To auoyde the fendes cruell bonde  
And than that Iuge pryncce of dyscrecyon  
Shall the set on his ryght honde

On the rayne bowe meke and proppce  
On hye shall syt that myghty lord  
Hauynge on his one hande Justyce  
And on the other myserycorde  
With them shall be peas and concore  
And veryte shall be there playne  
This Iuge with these at one accorde  
Shall Iuge the lygnage humayne

God shall my seruauntes vnto hym call  
With meke chere and countenaunce  
Vnto his hyghe sete emperyall  
But after another maner of chaunce  
He shall saye wordes of grete penaunce  
To falshode seruauntes whiche shall be dum  
Puttynge them to extreme vttraunce  
Ite maledicti in ignem eternum

What shall theyr rychesse than anaple  
Whan they shall haue but ryghtwysnesse



35  
Eche man shall haue after his trauaile  
The good lyght and the yll derkenesse  
Some shall thynke it a daye of swetnesse  
But other some with crye and yell  
Shall thynke that daye of bytternesse  
Dyscendynge downe to the pytte of hell

Therfore frende to thy selfe take hede  
Renounce falshode with all iniquyte  
This daye shall make the to haue drede  
If thou it call to mynde truly  
Who geteth rychesse here falsly  
Of hell paynes shall haue his parte  
And therfore hyther come am I  
fro this payne the to dyuerte

Therfore arple and do me homaige  
With meke herte and entencion  
Refusynge falshode with his outrage  
Makyng such prouysyon  
That thou mayst lyue by dyscressyon  
Than shall I make the to possede  
A place in the heuenly regyon  
As all my seruauntes hath such mede

The auctour.

f. iii.



**A**fter that I herbe my lady reason  
So wysely speke full of prudence  
I forsoke dysceyte / falshode & treason  
Yeldynge me vnto her magnyfycence  
I kneled downe in her presence  
Knowynge it for myn attrauntage  
With meke loue and obedyence  
Vnto reason I made homage  
Holdynge my handes vp to her grace  
With lowe chere dyde I me present  
There shewed I her all the case  
How that I my lyfe had spent



36  
This noble lady wyse and prudent  
Surely vnto me dyde promesse  
So I wolde make amendement  
To be my lady and maystresse

Than this lady approached nere  
Of all other moost good and gracyous  
With lowly countenaunce and chere  
Of my helth gretly desyrous  
And to her seruauntes neuer contraryous  
Seynge her nere thus vnto her sayd I  
Moost excellent lady moost good & glozvous  
To you wyll I me submytte gladly

Do ye with me what is your pleasour  
I am euer redy gladde and dyligent  
To do all thyng that may you honour  
Neuer wyllynge more to be neglygent  
To suche vertues or counseyle prudent  
I desyre fallshode with his subtyltees  
To you obeyenge with hole entent  
Bothe in welth and aduersytees

Reason was gladde in eche degre  
Whan she herde me laye in this wyse  
Than as syster vnto humylyte  
Out of her chayre sonne dyde she ryse  
And kyllynge me she dyde promyse  
Euer at my nede for to be kynde  
Than sodaynly in a secrete wyse  
This lady entred in to my mynde

Thus whyle that reason was my gypde  
I gouerned me well and wysely

Dyscreyte and fallhode lettynge asyde  
With wretchednesse and blurpe  
To hyde with reason purposed I  
As longe as god lent me my lyfe  
Beynge in this purpose dyde I espye  
Approche an olde man and his wyfe

Whan I them sawe I was content  
They were so meke and gracypous  
The mannes name was euydent  
Good wyll to none was contrarypous  
The womannes good herte to none enuyous  
The whiche two had with them brought  
A yonge chylde/pleasaunt/good and vertuous  
In excellence passynge my thought

This chylde euer by good wyll stode  
Upon her hande to her leuyng  
This was his name/lust to do good  
As me thought vnto my semynge  
These thre togyder on me smyllynge  
Approched nere and fyrst of all  
Good herte began with this saynge  
With meke countenaunce and lybetall

**G**ood herte.





**S**ith that reason resteth in the  
 Sone I shall not from the departe  
 The tyme & season now mayst thou se  
 Whiche to the byngeth the ease of hert  
 We shall fro the all yll dyuerse  
 Puttynge in to thy subgeccion  
 Thy wyfe & chyl dren hole & quarte  
 Whan age cometh the vpon  
 We thre toggyder shall the conuay  
 Unto a place full of all pleasaunce  
 There shall we shyfte for to puruay  
 To helpe the out of all greuaunce  
 This place is of grete cheupsaunce  
 Goten onely by waye of dplygence  
 The whiche place shall the quauance  
 To the hye degre of excellence

folowe vs and we shall the bypge  
In to the hye way whiche is ryght spacyous  
The whiche way hath at his endynge  
A fayre castell pleasaunt and sumptuous  
In whiche remayneth a tresour precyous  
That is worldly goodes full of noblesse  
This place is called that is so beauteous  
Labour/wherin remayneth rychesse

Reason ryght often hath the tolde  
Of this castell whiche is so honourable  
Passynge all castelles a thousande folde  
And vnto mankynde moost profytable  
But the waye is so varyable  
That none can come thyder without vs thre  
But he must haue some fortune myserable  
And be compelled agayne to fle

Therefore who thyder doth hym dresse  
Not hauynge vs in his companye  
Shall neuer truly haue rychesse  
His fortune is in grete dysticultye  
Many one cometh vnto dygnyte  
By falshode/vsurpe/and rapyne  
But at the ende symple pouertye  
Kepeth them fallen in to ruyne

Syrth thou applyest to reasons doctryne  
I shall helpe the euer at thy nede  
My wyfe shall vnto the enclyne  
My sone shall helpe the for to spede  
Do after vs and haue no drede  
For we thre shall to the be kynde



Whan thou hast laboured for thy mede  
If thou well do thou shalte well fynde

Lust to do good is now redy  
Unto this place the to conuay  
Therfore aryle and come lyghtly  
And we shall well for the puruay  
Reason her seruauntes helpeth alway  
Whiche hath vs hyther vnto the brought  
Kysle vp let vs go without delay  
For after grete rest ofte cometh thought

The auctour.

Accorded vnto them lyghtly  
Quoyde of slouth and neglygence  
With them thyder to go gladly  
Unto this place chefe of dyligence  
Whiche of all honour hath preemynence  
Eche man for to helpe at his nede  
Than thought I for to recompence  
The tyme losse and thyder to spede

But I tolde them I knewe no thyng  
Of dyligence nor yet of belynesse  
Good herte sayd by our techyng  
Thou shalte knowe the way expresse  
Thou mayst bothe save & thynke doutlesse  
Whyle we thre are thy conductours  
That thou arte voyde of heuynesse  
And sure of all worldly honours

Awake and put the in apparayle  
To moche slepe hurteth man certayne  
In this waye must thou soze trauayle  
For reason so doth it ordayne



For what man that taketh payne  
On hym with trauayle and abstinence  
To rycheſſe nedes muſt attayne  
Therefore aryle and go we hens

Go ſone thou muſt beſtowe thy tyme  
In other wyſe than thou haſt done  
Let not to labour for no cryme  
Lettyng thy dedes ay ſounde to reaſon  
And as for me I me abandon  
With my huſbande on the to wayte  
Unto this caſtell and noble manſyon  
Wherin is rycheſſe without dylcepte

Who other begyleth hym ſelfe dylcepueth  
Rycheſſe yll gotten cometh to yll ende  
Who in this caſtell falſhode concepueth  
Shall not his power ferre extende  
But after deth yf thou wylte aſcende  
Take me and trauayle to be thy guyde  
Whiche in this caſtell ſhall the defende  
By our meanes in euery tyde

¶ Luſt to do good.

¶ Do my faders comaundement  
If thou truly wolde haue rycheſſe  
And to my moder be dyligent  
In that thou mayſt with lowlynelle  
And I ſhall do my wyll and beſynelle  
Unto my power the to ſuſtayne  
Wherefore auoyde thou ſlouthfulnelle  
And vs to folowe take on the payne

¶ The auctour.





**T**hus I haupnge grete delyte  
 To here them speke so wysely  
 Lepte fro my bed without respyte  
 And made me redy hastely  
 Good wyl wente full redely  
 To lyght a candell at myn instaunce  
 Whiche as she wente longe so merely  
 That her to here I had pleasaunce  
 I toke my clothes vnto me necessarye  
 And made me redy at theyr instaunce  
 Lust to do good full gladly  
 To here the candell had grete pleasaunce.  
 Than wente they forth all in ordynaunce  
 As folke replenysshed with mekenesse  
 That to beholde theyr countenaunce  
 My herte was fylled with gladnesse

Lust to do good wente alwaye  
 Before berynge the candell lyght  
 Good wyll wente nexte in fayre aray  
 And than good herte I folowed ryght  
 Sothly it was a pleasaunt syght  
 To se togyder so meke a company  
 I had not suche sorowe all the nyght  
 As I had than myrth and melodye



**H**an entred we in to the waye  
 Of grete payne called dyligence  
 Without respyng I wente alwaye  
 There founde I no respitence  
 These thre were euer in my pcesence  
 For the waye was vnkowen to me  
 I hasted me vnder theyr defence  
 That I myght there the sooner be



Thus wente we forth a lytell whyle  
Of the waye was I ygnorant  
My thre felawes dyde on me smyle  
On me beholdynge with glad semblaunt  
Than sawe I this castell fayre & pleasaunt  
Moost ryche, stronge and sumptuous  
Whan I it sawe so resplendaunt  
Sothly of herte I was full Joyous  
Unto the gate whan I was nye  
I wolde haue entred without sauegarde  
But the porter respyed me  
Beholdynge me with chere frowarde  
Of that castell he kepte the garde  
His wyfe was euert in his presence  
Thynkest thou to entre he sayd cowarde  
Not haupnge our loue nor our lycence

**Belynesse.**

Thynkest thou to entre without our leue  
In to this castell chese grounde to rychesse  
Nay nay thou must hens remeue  
None entreth here but by mekenesse  
My wyfe Cure and I belynesse  
Haue suche offyce in this castell  
To vs obeyeth bothe more and lesse  
That hath intencion therin to dwell  
By the fayre path of dyligence  
Thou arte come hyder as I byleue  
Yet mayst thou not here haue resydence  
Without our loue fauour and leue

Thou mayst not entre therefore remeue  
For with the am I not content  
Auoyde or elles I shall the greue  
His wyfe than sayd incontynent

**Cure.**

**Gentyll husbonde holde hym excused**  
He wyll obey vnto your comaundement  
Let not his mekenesse be refused  
He wyll nought without your assent  
I knowe hym wyse/dyscrete/a prudent  
He wyll gladly do you homage  
So it wyll please you be content  
Of fauour to graunt hym passage

Comaunde hym what so euer ye please  
And he shall do it without fallace  
He purpoeth not you to dysplease  
But hym submytteth vnto your grace  
Drayenge that he may haue place  
In to this castell for to go  
He hath our fauour to purchase  
Good herte and good wyll also

**The auctour.**

**Than belynesse as a man full kynde**  
Sayd/lyth thou hast suche socour  
My fauour redy shalte thou fynde  
The for to helpe at euery houre  
To here hym speke I had pleafoure  
Than sayd he/lyth thou hast reason  
Thou shalte not fayle of grete honoure  
With welth and rycheffe in bryfe season

**Belynesse.**





**T**hat called am besynesse  
 Unto man rychesse do procure  
 My wyfe also in all dystresse  
 Doth man of her helpe assure  
 This place is called by droyture

The excellent castell of labour  
 If thou here be I the ensue  
 Thou must be besye in euery houre

Syth thou arte in our subgecyon  
 Trust well thou shalte come to rychesse  
 For whyle in thy mynde abydeyth reason  
 By no meane cannest thou haue charnesse  
 I shall helpe the in all besynesse  
 In this castell to ensue the trayne

The capytayne therof and the maystresse  
Are called by name trauayle and payne

Thou shalte in this place haue moche adoe  
Whannes good wyll for to deserue  
Thou shalte shant fynde the meane therto  
The capytayne is so yll to serue  
Unneth his byddynge canst thou obserue  
Without it be well done and a pace  
But in goodnesse thou the styll prelerue  
Thou shalte be loone out of theyr grace

Thus do I the afore aduerte  
Of the grete payne that thou shalte fynde  
Lest that after it sholde greue thy herte  
Therefore on wysedome set thy mynde  
The capytayne is somewhat unkynde  
Whiche shall do to the grete rygour  
Eche thyngge tourneth as the wynde  
Within this castell of labour

### The auctor.

All that shall do me none yll  
I shall assaye them for to please  
I haue founde good herte and good wyll  
With lust to do good whiche shall me ease  
I trust no man for to dysplease  
Whyle I of them do take counsaile  
I wyll not let for no dyscase  
To go in to this castell of trauayle





**H**an belyneffe & cure brought me in to  
 This castell ample and spacous  
 Shewynge me men and women also  
 Soze workynge and none ocypous  
 The to beholde was a thyng meruaylous  
 Bothe yonge and olde of euery facultye  
 To labour was there none contraryous  
 Eche one wolde afore his felawe be

They smote with hammers that were stronge  
 That to beholde I had grette wonder  
 Suche a noyse was them amonge  
 That it sounded lyke the thunder  
 Some were aboue and some were vnder  
 In theyr shertes labourynge for hete  
 Some dyde peces breke in lunder  
 Some agayne them togyder bete

To beholde them I had delyte  
Seynge them worke so lustely  
That to labour I had appetyte  
Cure and besynesse that dyde spyre  
Whiche sayd vnto me shortly  
That yf I coude labour well  
They wolde gete me lycence gladly  
In that castell for to dwell

Than to them answered I certayne  
That to labour I was content  
Than spake they to th<sup>r</sup> capytayne  
Requyringe hym for to assent  
He graunted me a place present  
Conuenient for my degre  
There promysed I for to be dyligent  
So that in theyr fauour I myght be

I set me downe vnto labour  
With besynesse and partyte dylgence  
Trustyng therby to haue honour  
Cure and besynesse were not thens  
I was ryght glad of theyr presence  
For they taught me how I sholde do  
Vnto them I gaue audyence  
And what they sayd I agreed therto

Than came the wyfe of the capytayne  
Goyng here and there trottyng  
They tolde me that her name was payne  
Eche mannes labour dyspytynge  
Her handes and her foreheade lutyng  
She tarped nomore in ony place



43  
Chān doth a pursuyuaunt rydyng  
Whan he wolde purchase some grace

Somtyme in her smocke rennyng fast  
No thyng tendyng to rest nor ease  
She ran styll whyle her bryth wolde last  
Not sparyng for no dysplese  
She was dyligent eche man to please  
And me behelde approachyng nere  
She sayd syr porter ye me dysplese  
For bryngyng of this straunger here

Payne.

Syr belynesse that are porter  
Of this castell shewe me playne  
Who hath brought hyther this straunger  
I sawe hym neuer afore certayne  
Cometh he fro fraunce or fro bytayne  
I must knowe his cause and his entent  
He must submytte hym vnto my payne  
Or elles in dayne his tyme is spent

Belynesse.

My lady payne haue ye no doute  
For hyther is he come truly  
With good herte and good wyll hym aboute  
Whiche hyther hath hym brough besely  
Lust to do good is to hym nye  
Whiche is a chylde ryght honourable  
Ye shall fynde hym to you redy  
Humble of herte and seruyfable

Cure.

My husbonde and I loue hym ryght well  
We shall helpe hym at every nede

Ye shall not nede hym ought to tell  
 Therfore my lady haue ye no drede  
 Euen as he doth gyue hym his mede  
 And my husbonde shall be his bozowe  
 That in his labour he shall spede  
 And neyther spare for payne nor sorowe

**Payne:**



**U** E laye bothe well and wylsely  
 I knowe not yet how he wyll pzeue  
 For many one be soone wery  
 Of labour whan it doth them greue  
 But suche sothly be to rezeue  
 But we shall soone se what labour  
 He can do, or that he remeue  
 To come to rycheffe and honour



**The auctour.**

**T**han payne to me approached nere  
Byddyng me labour dyligently  
And that I sholde in eche manere  
Do my besynesse well and wysely  
Not sparynge my body nor my bones  
And he that dyde not so truly  
Sholde auoyde that place at ones

I tolde her that I had desyre  
To worke fast without fayne  
And for to folowe her pleasyre  
So that she sholde not complayne  
Saynge I trusted to obtayne  
By my labour welth and rychesse  
And that I sholde my lette constrayne  
To be nere Cure and Besynesse

**Payne.**

**T**hat is answered by good mopen  
Whan trauayle my husbonde shall you se  
The whiche is feble and auncyen  
Your worke and labour shall he ouerse  
Of hym rewarded shall ye be  
After your worke and your labour  
And in the meane tyme ye shall haue me  
Alway redy at your socour

**The auctour.**

**T**han began I to labour fast  
Employenge theron pleasure & myght  
Contynuenge whyle the nyght dyde last  
Than in the moynyng appered lycht

In at a wyndowe that was bryght  
Than blew I my candell out  
Labourynge styll with all my myght  
As other that were me aboute

Styll to labour I dyde me cast  
By suffraunce of the grace dvyne  
Unto the tyme of the breakfast  
Where we had neyther ale ne wyne  
They myght not tary for to dyne  
So sure on labour was theyr purpose  
Tyll labour caused them to declyne  
By payne constrayned so by theyr rose

They were all homely as companions  
Theyr labour gaue them an appetyt reall  
Some ete garlyke / some ete onyons  
Suche seruyce was amonge them all  
Browne brede to them was cordyall  
Wetyng it in the water clere  
Drynkyng of the fountayne clere as crystall  
They had no scozne of this manere

There was neyther befe ne moton  
To ete whan hunger dyde them assaile  
Suche is the maner in this season  
Some be rewarded yll theyr trauaile  
They wrought in peas and in batayle  
Some etynge and labourynge bothe at ones  
Not sparyng theyr body without fayle  
As chefe labourers for the nones





**W**han that I sawe theyr condycyon  
 So prone to labour and besynesse  
 I set myn hole and ferme entencion  
 By suche labour to gete rychesse  
 Than upon me came sayntnesse  
 That I had lust to refreshe nature  
 Whan they me sawe in suche dystresse  
 I lacked no brede I you ensure

I wolde be of theyr company  
 And takynge this brede with good wyll  
 I therof bote ryght merely  
 Styll workynge not thynkynge yll  
 I had no scorne me for to fyll  
 With this brede but thereon bote

And after with chere meke and still  
With fayre water I washed my throto

I fylled my bely fayre and well  
With this fayre brede made of rye  
Drynkyng alway at the well  
And yet still wrought I merely  
I was as well at ease truly  
As though I had had all deyntees  
In the worlde for certaynly  
To moche is nought in all degrees

Shortly to saye I was as full  
As was conuenient to nature  
For excelle maketh the mynde dull  
I reporte me to besynesse and cure  
For often tymes man doth murmur  
Whan he is full of mete and wyne  
To all vyce prone I the ensue  
Excludynge hym from the grace dryue

Whan I was thus refreshed well  
I drewe me to my werke agayne  
Good herte and good wyll dyde me tell  
How I sholde do also certayne  
List to do good dyde me mayntayne  
Thus drewe I me vnto besynesse  
I spared neyther trauayle nor payne  
Without falshode to gete rycheesse





**U**re and charge dyde me beholde  
 Cōmaundynge me to labour fast,  
 And tolde me suerly that they wolde  
 Rewarde me truly at the last  
 So laboured I tyll the daye was past  
 And as I laboured longe I merely  
 Tyll hesperus cloudes the daye ouercast  
 And that the nyght approached nye

Than cure vnbyden wente a p ce  
 And lyghely lyghted a candell  
 She set it by my workynge place  
 And many newe poyntes to me dyde tell  
 She sayd who bydeth in this castell  
 After the cōmaundement of reason  
 Must worke vnto the curfue knell  
 Consyderynge the tyme and season

At her byddynge I wrought styl fast  
 Hauynge therin delyte and pleasoure  
 Tyll that the bell range at the last  
 Whiche was a conuenient houre  
 Than hunger came with his rygour  
 Whiche cruely dyde me assaile  
 With that sawe I come from a toure  
 The capytayne called trauaple



**S**ende þe arte welcome vnto this place  
 For thy labour true and dyligent  
 Whiche hath brought the in to my grace  
 Therefore shal I gyue þe ryches pmanent  
 So after that thy youthe is spent  
 I shall the promyse and behest



After thy labour incontinēt  
Thou shalt com: to the hous of rest  
Thou shalt haue rest at thy desyre  
After thy payne and trybulacyon  
Thou shalt spt merely by the fyre  
After that thy worke is done  
There shalt thou fynde consolacyon  
After thy payne and thy trauayle  
Thus shalt thou fynde in conclusyon  
After pouerte ryche apparayle  
And therfore at one worde shortly  
Now do as thou thynkest best  
For with good wyll the leue gyue I  
For to go home vnto thy rest  
And thy prayer and thy request  
I trauayle shall vnto the promesse  
So now thou shalt haue my behest  
After labour / that is rychesse

**The auctour:**

¶ Than toke I leue of trauayle  
Goyng to rest full of gladnesse  
Than with hye voyce withouten fayle  
I called the porter named belynesse  
Than to the gates I dyde me dresse  
The whiche were shyfte than had I doute  
Yet shewed I the porter suche mekenesse  
Than he agreed to let me out



**B**elynesse and cure his wyfe  
 Let me out at the gate mekely  
 Allway me warnynge for drede of stryfe  
 On the mo nyng to ryse erly  
 My labour for to fynyshe parfytly  
 Saynge all that I had done was nought  
 Without it were ended lyghely  
 Wherefore theton set thy thought

He sayd in the castell of rychele  
 No man can haue any audyence  
 Whyle he sojourneth with ydelnesse  
 The capytayne hath gyven that sentence  
 But by the waye of dyligence  
 One may ryght well obteyne this place



28  
Here mayst thou se in thy presence  
By what hardnesse thou fell in grace

In labour must thou haue perseueraunce  
Quoydunge grete rest that is so daungerous  
Whiche byngeth wyle nien in to ygnoraunce  
And to rychesse is ryght contrarpous  
Quoyde slouth which is so odyous  
That of hym cometh nought but pouerte  
Aboue all to falshode be contrarpous  
Despyng his goodes full of iniquyte

If thou hym loue lone I ensure the  
Of my worde mayst thou be certayne  
That thou offendest the deite  
Of our lord and deseruest payne  
Eternall therfore the refrayne  
Fro this falshode in eche degre  
And yf that slouth vpon the fayne  
As poore as Job was shalte thou be

Without rest no man may lyue  
For it is accorpyng to trauayle  
But yf in rychesse yf thou wylte preyue  
Best not to moche by my counsaile  
Remembre this leilon se thou not fayle  
And to the entent thou forlake not this lawe  
Not it forgettyng for thyne auayle  
By thyne eare I shall the drawe

### ¶ Cure.

My frende one can not aye endure  
For to labour to his auantage

Therefore se thou thy seife assure  
To labour fast in thy yonge age  
Infyre thy mynde and thy courage  
On reason and thou shalt haue rychesse  
By ydelnesse thou doost outrage  
Bothe to the and all thyn doutlesse

**The suctour.**

¶ Than drew he myn ere agayne  
As cure had done befoze doutlesse  
And than banysshed away certayne  
Ledynges me there full of fayntnesse  
Procedynge of my labour and besynesse  
Thus seynge them gone I thought it best  
To refresche nature without excesse  
And so drew me to the hous of rest

I sawe rest whiche dyde me abyde  
Within his hous withouten blame  
And my wyfe on the other syde  
Dressed my souper without dysfame  
There rested I in goddes name  
Famylarly not as a straunger  
Thankynge god of immortall fame  
That I escaped was that daunger





**U**nto the table I wente that tyme  
 Entendynge to soupe without outrage  
 My wyfe sate on the other syde  
 After my custome and olde blage  
 There had we brede wyne & potage  
 And of fleshe a small pytaunce  
 Without to any hurte or damage  
 We souped togyder at our pleasaunce  
 My wyfe boyded the table clene  
 And vnto me approached nere  
 Than on my shulder dyde she lene  
 After her custome and manere  
 There tolde I her of the daungere  
 Whiche I was in the nyght before  
 How that she slepte with me there  
 The whyle that I was troubled sore

I tolde her that in all my lyfe  
I had not so grete peruerfite  
Now in pleasure and now in myse  
Tourmented fyerly felte I me  
For fals fiede and fecesslyte  
With Pouerte / & her felawe Dyltresse  
Thought and heuynes with cruelte  
Laye on my bedde me to oppresse

Dylcomforte and Dylfperaunce  
Laye vpon me with theyr treason  
Redy to brynge me to mylchaunce  
Or in the waye of perdyceyon  
That had not ben my lady reason  
Whiche me enfourmed to myn auantage  
They had brought me vnto confufyon  
Or done to me some grete outrage

Wylsdomme dyde gretly me profyte  
For I haunted his compaignye  
Whiche by his meanes made me quyte  
Of fallhode / dylcepte and blurpe  
Whiche thre by theyr polecpe  
Had me nere brought to confufyon  
But after agayne comforte had I  
Of that wyle lady called reason

To whome I haue made homage  
For she of her owne beneuolence  
Hath gyuen me at bryfe langage  
Good herte and good wyl for my defence  
Whiche haue a chylde ay in my prefence  
Lust to do good named is he



Redy to helpe me in all indygence  
Out of payne and peruerlyte

We wente vnto the castell of labour  
Where was many an artycer  
Cure stode at the gate that houre  
Belynelle her husbonde was porter  
They receyued me with good chere  
Trauayle was theyr capytayne  
His wyfes name was called payne

There wrought I all daye & nyght certayne  
With fre wyl and glad pleasaunce  
To morowe must I retourne agayne  
To this castell of fayre ordynaunce  
There founde I but small pytaunce  
But euery man after his degre  
After his labour had his fe

And therfore my welbeloued wyfe  
Consyder the payne and the trauayle  
Whiche whyle ye slepte without stryfe  
Ryght cruelly dyde me assayle  
But now am I well without fayle  
Syth I haue escaped this daungere  
And in your pzelence may appere

My wyfe therof cared no thyng  
But leughe me to detylpon  
She scozned me and my talkyng  
For were it wynnynge or perdytpon  
It was to her all one concluspon  
For so she were serued at her desyre  
She cared not yf I laye in the myre

She called me folc and cared nought  
And was nere redy with me to fyght  
She swore by god that her dere bought  
She wolde make me remembre that nyght  
Therfore I wente to bedde euen ryght  
For the thre foted stole soze fered I  
To chat with a woman it is but foly

A man sholde take no hede at all  
To what someuer a woman saye  
Of her tunge she is lyberall  
It is no wysedome her to deny  
In peas may he be by no way  
That wolde styll a woman it is contrary  
She is a publyke and comyn secretary

Who euer he be that hath a wyfe  
Had nede for to haue pacyence  
Orelles must he lyue alway in stryfe  
Though she be bounde to obedyence  
Yet doth she after her owne sentence  
I dare no moze saye for drede of blame  
That man is happy that one can tame

On this poynt I made we redy  
And so wente to my bedde full ryght  
Where I slepte styll and merely  
Tyll foure of the clocke after mydnyght  
Than by I rose by the candell lyght  
Thynkyng on cure and besynesse  
And to my worke soone dyde I me dresse

By prayenge god by his ordynaunce  
That yf I may not obtayne rycheesse



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That I may purchase saluance  
Whiche is my lady and my maysteresse  
To enfourme me to lyue in symplenesse  
So that after this lyfe mortall  
I may reioyse the realme eternall

**A**ctoris excusatio.

**O**f forth small treatyse & humbly the present  
Unto the reders as indygne of audyence  
Exortynge them with meke and lowe entent  
To this rude langage to gyue none aduertence  
For many one hath partyte dyligence  
Whiche by no meane his mynde can expresse  
The cause therof is lacke of eloquence  
Whiche now is caduke by meane of slouthfulnesse

The yonge chylde is not all partyte  
To renne whan he can neyther crepe nor go  
But whan he begynneth he hath grete delyte  
In his newe science wherfore he hath grete wo  
Endurynge falles with many paynes mo  
Thus suche payne so longe doth he endure  
And to hym selfe he entendeth so  
That of his fete he is partyte and sure

So certaynly in suche case am I  
Somwhat assaunge yf I can ensue  
The steppes of them the whiche craftely  
All byce of wrytynge vtterly eschue  
But ygnoraunce ryght ofte doth me subdue  
And often I fall for lacke of exercyse

leaf 82 recto  
This rude langage so on me both renewe  
That I agayne vnnethes may aryle  
The cause why I folowe not these oratours  
Is for lacke of intellygence  
And that I haue not smelled of the floures  
Spryngynge in the gardyn of parfyte eloquence  
Wherfore with humble and meke obedyence  
I submytte me to the correccyon  
Of them whome natura with her science  
Hath endued this is my conclusyon

Thus endeth the castell of labour  
wherin is rycheesse / vertue / & honour.  
Enprynted at London in fletestrete  
in the sygne of the sonne. by Wynkyn  
de worde. Anno dñi. M. CCCC. vi.



